There is a sweeping movement on

foot to organize a broom trust. The sultan has again promised to be good. It's a way the sultan has,

Think as kindly as you can of the movquitoes. They work while you

Germany is beginning to think the Buto invasion worse than the American invasion.

Lucky is the Chinese diplomat who comes to this country. It is not only more sociable, but safer.

As the late Horace Biglow would say, the underpinning of Venice is purty consid'ble , it of f'int.

Some persons might think that eating fifty ears of green corn was about as pleasant a way to die as any.

Prof. Schenk will always be remembered as the man who thought he was posted on the whims of the stork. A noiseless mosquito is no two

provement on the other kind. It leaves him too much time for actual business. How many loving wives will envy

of a check for \$200,000 from her hus-King Edward has confounded the soothsavers, and that's not a small job, even for a man who weighs 250

The Chicago discovery that the color yellow scares away mosquitoes won't help women to whom yellow is not be-

scoming. Grand Duke Boris says Chicago is big and ugly, but good-hearted. The game thing may be said of John L.

Sullivan. - 0 J. Pierpont Morgan, it is said, refuses to "tip" hotel waiters. This is another of the advantages of being

\$18,000,000 cost Mr. Schwab his est with bashful reluctance; "only health, and it was not very hard he is so-so kind and so superior. I'm work either.

all-powerful.

other girls again.

was shot by the genial gentleman | me in that lovely white evening gown. who offered to treat him. This did He might as well have patted me on not happen in Texas.

As the Chinese rebels are being executed at the rate of 1,000 a day, it is predicted that the rebellion will not last more than a year.

crape on its door for the seorchobo- would make a saint put on airs." ist who parts company with life at an 80-miles an hour gait.

Jerusalem.

should suppress the mail. The aver- suit his case admirably." age man's mail is a whole lot of lottery to him.

A Boston landlord who tried to collect his rent in kisses from a pretty that concelled West Point cadet." widow was fined \$25. There are some freakish landlords and peculiar widows in Boston.

in the yacht races.

Mr. Schwab leaves his home in a nic behind a team of mules.

All other theories regarding the sulcide of young Remington may be disregarded since the fact became known that his last act before the shooting was an experience with a relephone.

If the crown prince of Siam has read what the newspapers have been saying about the crown prince of Germany he may think a second time before venturing into the American girl's country.

A great many young women in England are gaining social prominence by being reported engaged to Lord Kitchener, but the hero of the South African war appears to be successfully conducting his famous skirmish line

A Kentucky girl who has had 150 offers of marriage has decided to remain single and devote her life to musie. When she gets on the stage, however, she will probably cease to regard marriage as a thing to be much dreaded.

A Chicago man has been denied the privilege of crossing Niagara Falls on m tight rope. This is quite proper. It is much better that he should await the regular visit of the fool killer.

A Kentucky undertaker became in mane after conducting 36 funerals in 21 days. He is probably one of those men who cannot stand prosperity.

A New York orchestra leader has quit rather than play for a troupe of trained monkeys. Hurrah! Art hum't been completely knocked out yet.

# ·SHARRENS

Since you are gone, I know not where to wing my thought—
What star to make my message bearer through the night.
Upon what breeze to loose for homeward evening flight
The dreams that found alway with you

the nest they wought. Ever, the while I knew where you were housed, and where You sat in quiet when day's frome and

frot were done.

It was my joy to pray the air, the stars, the sun, To bear my love that it might reach and bless you there.

But now I have not any goal for all my dream, And it and love fly aimless in the chilly night. In your new window, pray you set a

little light, That they may guide their lonely wan-dering by its gleam.

-Douglas Humingway in Munsey.

# Tamer Number Two.

BY PAUL PERELL. (Copyright, 1995, by Dally Story Pub. Co.)
"There are various ways to tame them," said the girl with the big pompadour, "the best of which might be classed under the general head of

"Yes," said the cute girl, curled gracefully in the wicker chair, "pune-Mrs. John R. Drexel her birthday gift ture a man's concelt, make him ridiculous and you have him on the road to regeneration."

> The youngest girl sat on the veranda | gets his blindfold off." steps with her hands clasped over her knees and gazing dreamlly across do any good-in my case, I mean?" the lawn. "I wish-" she began, then stopped and sighed gently.

"What is it, innocence?" asked the pompadour girl. "Why, you're blushing! Have the monsters been troubling you, too? Aren't even the children safe?"

"I'm eighteen," replied the gir! on the steps, unclasping her hands and sitting up very straight, "and I come out next winter."

"But you're fearfully youthful, just the same; and if any man or boy has been mean to you it is the duty of old campaigners like us to stop it. Comz, now, what is it?"

"Oh, he hasn't been mean or any-The work of amassing a fortune of thing like that," answered the youngsure he classes me with his small sister. They say he's scarcely thirty, When last heard from the crown yet the very first time we met he prince of Germany was beginning to called me 'Bessie' as though I were eat solids and cast shy glances at in short dresses. Come to think of it, I was playing golf with my hair in a braid, but that was no reason why he W. C. Mead refused a drink and should have kept it up after he saw the head."

> "I supose you mean Wilford English," said the cute girl, patiently. "Why, yes-didn't I say so?"

"No, you simpleton. Now that's just why he behaves as he does. He can't help seeing that you consider him The world at large hangs very little | too splendid for anything; and that "Hush Alice som

"But everybody knows it already, The man who tied dynamite to his I tell you, if you ever hope to get sick dog and lost his house when the him"-whispers of "Oh, Alice!"-"if animal wagged his tall has by this you really think he's worth while, that time learned that cruelty does not is, you must make him see that you consider him quite beneath your notice. You might make him do any-There are 600,000 Jews in New thing silly or ridiculous and then York, according to The Jewish laugh at him. He'd probably go off World. That city can now present a in a huff, to return before long and pretty strong claim to being the New fawn at your feet. Isn't that so, Mar-

jorie? "I think," said the one thus ap-If the United States mail is deter- pealed to, in thoughtful tones, "I mined to suppress lotteries, they think that 'Tamer Number Two' would

> "Tamer Number Two'?" "We had several 'tamers' at school, but this was the best. Alice and I worked it beautifully last summer on "Oh, Mr. English isn't conceited.

But do tell me about it." "It's very simple. All you need is an obliging small boy-preferably As a result of an automobile acci- about ten years old-and a sofadent Sir Thomas Lipton received a preferably one with a high back. You shock. But it didn't trouble him. He place the boy behind the sofa and is used to shocks. He received a few then after making yourself, oh, terribly agreeable to the young man, invite him to come and sit beside you. Then you ask him if he wouldn't like private car, but just now he no doubt to learn a new game that is all the would be glad to trade places with rage in London or Paris or any other a man of sound nerves going to a pic- place you happen to think of. He says yes, of course, whereupon you take a



The youngest girl sat on the veranda steps with her hands clasped over her knees.

"Certainly he would-and what do you suppose he would do?" big handkerchief or scarf and blindfold him tight. When you're sure he his shoulder. I was terribly ashamed can't see you say: 'Are you ready?' and had to hide my face somewhere. He replies, 'Yes,' which is the signal I don't remember exactly what hapfor the boy behind or under the sofa, pened next; but he smoothed my hair who immediately steals around in and soothed me as though I were ten front and throws his arms around years old-acted exactly as he always | teen and a half; at St. Petersburg. your concelled young man's neck and | does - and - well, we're engaged, kisses him."

Elitabeth's blue eyes had grown tell you." wider and wider as the recital pro- "Now I call that a remarkable sucgrossed. "Oh, Marjorte!" she cried, cass," declared the pompadour girl. "how could you do such a thing? He'd think it was you!"

amining the tip of her shoe. "Yes, you do; the man doesn't exist who, under such provocation, won't return the kisses with interest, until he discovers that his attentions are being wasted on a small boy, by which time you have disappeared, with a mocking laugh trailing behind

"As the boys say," put in Alice, "you depart, giving him the merry ha-ha." If you can have a select gallery concealed somewhere about the premises so much the better. You have no idea how sheepish the man looks when he

"But, Alice, are you sure it would "Assuredly. Humble a man and

you have him at your mercy," The conversation was brought to a sudden close by the appearance of a broad-shouldered youth, who stalked up the path and said, with a self-confident air, "Come on, take a sail, Bessie; there's a darling breeze."

The youngest girl cast a glance at her companions that seemed to say, "There, you see?" although she rose with alacrity and replied, "Thanks,



I wound a great big napkin around his head.

Mr. English; I'd love to go. Good- novice in the art of bedecking himbye, girls," and the couple departed self compared with him. On arriving toward the lake.

It was late afternoon of the second his ostentatious way into the operatday after the preceding conversation | ing room of the fair artist, and came and Marjorle and Alice had just descended in their prettiest dinner frocks, when the youngest girl came flying down the long veranda to fling herself into the arms of first one and

then the other. "You dear things!" she cried, all out of breath. "It's all on account of you! It just happened, and I could hardly wait to tell you!" "Did you actually try "Tamer Num-

ber Two? "And did it work beautifully, just

as we said it would?" "Oh, it worked exquisitely, but not exactly as you promised—a great deal | we can now look back upon as quite

you led me to expect."

thing." "It was this very afternoon, about half an hour ago," began Elizabeth, the grand old man predicted that perching herself on the arm of the America, and America alone, "can, nearest chair. Brighton to enact the role of the small | commercial primacy. We have no boy and the little rogue was only too | title, I have no inclination to murmur delighted. So he hid behind the sofa at the prospect. If she acquires it, in the library, into which I lured she will make the acquisition by the Wilf-Mr. English-to look at a new right of the strongest; but, in this inbook of engravings. Pretty soon we stance, the strongest means the best. finished with the book and I asked She will probably become what we are bim if he didn't want to learn my new | now, the head servant in the great game, just as you told me. He looked | household of the world, the employer rather puzzled-all the more so prob- of all employed; because her service ably because I was trembling with will be the most and ablest. We have excitement-but agreed to the propo- no more title against her than Venice, sition. So I wound a great big napkin | Genca or Hollano has had against ua." about his head-he didn't appear to think it funny that a napkin was lying about the library-and at the sig- There are two gates that guard the nai Willie tip-toed around and kissed him twice so loud that I was afraid the whole house would hear."

"And then I suppose Mr. English hugged and kissed the tender Willie In return," said the delighted audi-

"No-o; I guess Mr. English is different from the men you experimented with. He sat perfectly still at first, only giving a queer, inarticulate kind of a cry that must have frightened Willis; for he unlocked his arms and jumped out of the way. Then Mr. English took a long breath and said. 'Why, Bessie, you needn't have taken all that trouble just to kiss an old fellow like me.' And in some way he got my hand and held it tight.

"'But it wasn't me,' I stammered. 'It was Willie.' I was never more mortified in my life and I believe I began to cry, for I remember that the shoulder of his coat was quite damp,"

"His coat?" "Yes; when he got the blindfold off and saw how badly I felt he tried to console me, and I don't know how, but I must have put my face down on which is the chief thing I wanted to | two; and al Spitzbergen, three months

"Buccess-yes," replied the cute gid; "but what I don't understand moredate mill from a Snesheld firm.

in why you let him catch you. The plan was, as soon as the small boy began his work to get up and out of

the way, Didn't you remember?" "Yes, I remembered," said the youngest girl. "I did start to run away just as you directed, but when I tried to rise I found that I couldn't. That young rascal Willie had tied the ends of my belt ribbon to the back of the

HIGH PRICE FOR A WELL.

Mexican State Offers \$5,000 and Priv-Heges to Man Who Can Dig It. A golden opportunity is offered to American well diggers. - Andrew D. Barlow, United States consul general at the City of Mexico, has just forwarded a communication to the Commercial museum. It is the translation of a proclamation issued by the actlog governor of the State of Caxaca, Mexico. The decree announces that a prize of \$5,000 in Mexican currency will be granted to the person or company that, within the next three years, shall drill and put into working order an artesian well in the City of Oaxaca or in thy towns of Xochinkeo and San "I don't know," said Elizabeth, ex- Felipe of Aqua and Facienda de Aquilera

Exemption from all local taxes will be granted to those who undertake the work from the date of commencing it and for the period of ten years thereafter if results are successful. During the operations the company or persons engaged in the work, as also all employes, will be exempt from all personal taxes.

The property, possession of same and use of the artesian well will belong exclusively to the persons to whom the concessions are granted. In order to obtain the concessin a written application must be made to the governor of Oaxaca.

The competition is open to American drillers, and it is expected that as a result of the recent triumphs of American engineers in obtaining coveted contracts for similar work, an American will carry off the prize.

NOT IN PHOTOGRAPHER'S LINE

Crushing Blow Dealt to Army Officer's Pride.

A retired English army officer, of the old fashioned fire eating Bombastes Furiose type, whose wife and daughters had been made things of beauty and joys forever at the hands of a clover lady photographer, said: "Ah, now, that there is a photographor in London really capable of doing justice to me, I don't mind the trouble of baving my own photograph taken." Straightway the grizzled warrior hied him to his dressing room, where, with the indispensable assistance of his valet, the butler and two understrappers, he was eventually, after much struggling and a liberal use of expletives, invested with the full panoply or war, and, with a painfully tight pair of Wellingtons on, and a tunic, the buttons of which said as plain as words, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt," was duly escorted to his carriage and driven off in state, his features indicating that he was quite inder the conviction that Solemon as his sidry was quite a at the studio, he puffed and clanked to the salute. Madame calmly surveyed him from plume to spurs, and quietly remarked, "Pardon me, sir, but I never photograph gentlemen. I confine myself solely to ladies, children, flowers and pretty things."

A PROPHECY OF GLADSTONE

It Was Many Years Ago, and Has

Come True. Prophecies, even when the prophets are politicians, sometimes come true, says the St. James' Gazette. Here is a notable Gladstone utterance which better-a thousand times better than prophetic. Speaking or writing twenty-five years ago of the "menace "Tell us quick, you tantalizing which, in the prospective development of her resources, America offers to the commercial pre-eminence of England," "I asked Willie and probably will, wrest from us that

At the Gates of Night.

Night; The one where shadows crosp, And inliables come crooming low, Full-threated, soft and deep; Where twilight reaches forth her arms To all by Day oppressed, And juils them into happiness,

Serene upon her byeant And from that gate, all dark and cool,
The night road stretches far,
By palaces of sweet content,
Where many dreamings are;
Where blind may see and dumb may

speak, And sad ones laugh and sing,

Where hungered ones may drink and The pauper be a king.
All through the Night the good road

grees,
O'er valley, plain and steep;
Along its sides, in grandour, rise
The cluddle of sleep.
And many things there he that sooths
And comfort us, and bless—
But best of all, the blossom fair Of rich forgetfulness,

The other gate that guards the Night-The one that ends the wayto forth into the day. And though we fear the fees of Day With hittorness and dread, We know that through the weary hours. The first gate is ahead. -Baltimore American.

Longest Days of the Year. The longest day of the year at New nineteen; at Tornea, Finland, twentyand a balt.

Japan to Make Armer Plate, Japan has ordered a complete are





Tom, dear," said Mrs. Newlywest the other evening just as they were about to loave the house for the theater, "I've left my fan on the dressing case in my room, and I can't go without it. Won't you run up and get it, that's a dear?"

Tom went up three steps at a time, A moment later his voice was heard awfully sharp for a man who has been married but three months.

"Why, yes, it must be, dear. Look in the upper drawer in that long blue box in the left-hand corner. Don't muss things all up. Is it there?" "No, it inn't."

"Oh, it must be. Look good. Found it?"

"No, I haven't." "Well, don't get cross about it. Maybe I left it on the bed. Is it there?" "No. I'll be-"Tom! If you can't do a little favor for your wife without awearing about

It, you needn't do it at all. Look in the second drawer of the dresser in that pink box. Is it there?" "No, it isn't, and I knew it wasn't before I looked!"

"You didn't know anything of the sort! Do find it some place. We're late now. Maybe it's on the mantel. I know I laid it down some place while I tied my bonnet. Is it on the mantel?" "No, it is not on the mantel. I'll be eternally-"

"Tom! If you don't stop, I'll take off my things and stay at home! If you'd look for the fan instead of prancing around you'd find it. See if it is in my bonnet box. Sometimes I drop it in there. Found it?"

"Found it?" snarled Tom, jeeringly. "Talk about a needle in a haystack! It's nothing compared to a-" "Tom Newlywed! Just as sure as you speak that way again I'll stay at home. Look on the chairs and the table and-what are you doing up there, anyhow? Upsetting chairs and kicking over things and growling like some wild animal. I'd be ashamed, I suppose I shall have to come up and hunt for

the fan myself, tired as I am. Can't you find it?" "Find nothing! A man might as well hunt for the north pole or Capt. Kidd's treasure or some particular grain of sand in the bottom of the sea, us to look for-

"There, there! Stop making such a pitiful spectacle of yourself. If I were a man, I'd be a man! Look in the closet-oh, here's the fan. I declare if it hasn't been lying here on the hall rack all the time. I remember now that I laid it down when-Tom Newlywed! I'd be serving you right if I didn't go a step with you. Using such language! Come on I suppose you'll snarl and sulk all the way down town."

And he did .- New York Times. からいってきない

### That Wonderful Baby.

"One is never too young to learn," thought a certain mother of a precocious Laby, and so forthwith she began to look upon her two-year-old prodigy as susceptible of the highest culture if properly developed. The first practical demonstration of her theory was when she undertook to teach the baby an ebject lesson, using bright-colored illustrations of impossible animals to accompany and elucidate the text.

"And now," she said, turning the leaves of the picture book, "this is a chicken. See the pretty chickie? What does chickie do for baby? Chickie lays a nice fresh egg for baby's breakfast every morning."

And baby gurgled and cooed and worked her arms and legs ecstatically over the information. "Then here is the doggie," said mamms. "Nice doggie barks bow-wow-wow for baby," whereupon baby exhibited a few ide-apart white teeth in appre-

ciation of doggie's accomplishments. "And the horsic tales baby for a ride; and the cow goes moo-moo, and gives baby a nice glass of fresh milk to drink," and so on through the whole category of animals, domestic, and wild, several times, until from the really wise and intelligent expression in baby's face the mother felt sure all the in-

tricacles of the animal kingdom had been mastered. That evening a visitor called-a rival mamma-and baby was brought in ed and exclaimed over by both fond parents.

"Isn't she lovely?" said the visitor, thinking of her own baby's charms. "Oh, not lovely," explained the proprietor of the baby, modestly, "but she is cunning. I want you to hear her tell you about the animals. She knows them all. It is really wonderful what a memory that child has. Look, darling, see the pretty picture!" and she opened the book confidingly at the chicken. "What is it, darling? Tell the lady what it does for baby, Baby gurgled joyously. "Horsie," coped baby; "lay nice fresh egg for

baby's bre'fug." "Oh, isn't she smart?" said the polite visitor, but the fond mamma said not a word.

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## Not the Smallest.

In a certain Pennsylvania village where there is out one trolley car, and that a novelty, the handsome young citizen who is its conductor is regarded as common property by his friends the passengers. Men, women and children are as neighbors to him, and this sometimes gives rise to a picturesque con fusion of his public and private functions.

He is asked for the loan of fares as often as a country postmaster is asked to advance stamps, and although he is expected to run his car by schedule, he is also expected to hold it quite ten or fifteen minutes on those frantic occasions when a belie is behindhand with her toilet for a solree at the other end of town. Tender infants are put into his arms to be delivered at their destination, and trustful old ladies board his vehicle with requests to be taken to regions where no track has ever been surveyed.

But it was a lady riding with three children who took him the most deeply into her confidence. Receiving from her a dollar bill for fares he asked:

"Is this the smallest you have?" "No," she replied, with a mother's smile, "I have one six months old at

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### He Used Diplomacy.

A certain gushing lady took her four-year-old daughter to a photographer The little one could not be made to sit still. The camera-man was as nice and suave as he could be, called the child all the sweet, endearing names he could think of, while using every device of gentle persuasion to make the little wriggler keep still. Finally he turned to the despairing underer and said: "Madam, if you will leave your darling alone with me arfew minutes, I think I can succeed in taking her lovely face to perfection."

The mother withdrew for a short time. Soon the photographer summoned her back and exhibited a highly satisfactory negative. When they reached home, the mother asked: "Nellie, what did that nice gentleman say to you when I left you along

with him?" "Well, he thaid," lisped Nellie, "'if you don't sit sthill, you ugly, squint eyed mankey, I'll thake the life out of your trembling careath.' Tho' I that very sthill, mamma!'

#### からいて見かい What It Might Be.

One hot afternoon in July a traveler stopped at a farmhouse and asked for a drink. A country girl, bare-footed and sun-bonneted, passed him out a dipper and said: "There's the well." He was evidently inclined to indulge in a little rural flirtation, and after

making all the known varieties of "sheep's eyes" at her over the edge of the dipper he made bold to inquire:-"What might your name be, miss?" "Well," she said, in a matter-of-fact tone, "ef I can convince young Smiler. that it's about time to come down to business, it might be Mrs. Mary Jane

Smiler before next sinter. At present it ain't nothing but Mary Jane Simp-からから

Is This True, Girls?

kins."

A young man fell in love with a certain young lady. She was the first on whom he had ever turned his affection, and he was not quite certain how to act while in her company. He wrote to a valued friend, explaining everything, and asking for a few hints on eliquette, particularly as to when to York is fifteen hours; at London, six, stand and when to sit down in her presence. Among the advice which he received was the following:

"It is considered had form for a gentleman to sit down first while calling on a young lady, but under certain circumstances he has to."

United the state of the state o

Askal Chin, in Tibet, is the lake which lies at a greater height than any other in the world. Its level is 16,600 feet. The lowest is the Dead See, 1,780 feet below sea level.

THE BETTER HALF. One of the fluent books about the firigated West is "The Conquest of Arid America." It is now epticely out of print, but, fortunately, permission was given to reprint the best portion of it in a fifty-page pausphiet, called "The Better Half of the United States." Every western man ought to read this and send it to easiero friends. For a copy with other literature about the aunhy San Luis valley, send four cents

in stamps to Zeph Chas, Felt, 102 Boston building, Denver, Colorado. Some men find solld comfort only in

Defiance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best or money refunded, 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now.

"A cat slways slights on her feet," "Yes; cats are noted for that feat, Two million Americans suffer the tortus-ing pangs of dyspersia. No need to. Burdock Blood Bitters cures. At any drug store,

"Get up. Bobbis," called his mother from the bottom of the statr; "you know the early hirds gets the worm!" "Is that all you got for breakfast," replied Hob-bis, sleeply, as he turned over for an-other snooze.

NOT A FISH STORY. Baxter's Builhead sigar as as good a Sc smoke as you can find.

Judge says that the anglomaniacs who went over for the coronation had hard work to learn to drop their his, but had no difficulty in dropping their als and vis.

# MILWAUKEE PEOPLE

Could Hardly Believe It. A. Prominent Woman Saved From Death by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

11 DRAR MRS. PINKHAM :-- I suppose a large number of people who read of my remarkable cure will bardly believe it; had I not experienced it myself, I know that I should not.



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"My attention was called to Lydia.

"My attention was called to Lydin.
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Women should remember that

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